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Warning: Avoid Humans

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Report FCR21S368/0-55

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Observational Study Summary: Special Species Observations Agent 55 was sent to monitor natives in natural habitat prior to galactic contact. As previously noted, this intelligent race has not developed the function to allow psychic or even empathic communication -- a first among a species so technologically advanced. Though most of the species is innately able, through training, to adopt some miniscule "third cousin" to empathic reception, the results of this self-directed empathy as a whole are so negligible as to be considered moot. This is thought to be the reason for their warlike nature but does not explain the ever decreasing violence among them over the past six to ten millennia (their records are incomplete and spotty). The reasoning behind the fact that they have not wiped themselves off the face of their planet like other non-empathic intelligent species after clearing the fourth filter hurdle is somewhat of a mystery.

Given the lack of commonality, advancement into our galactic community is not advised. While that commonality might be reason enough, their propensity for violence is a strong advisor against our involvement as well. Baring those two, the danger they unwittingly pose to the whole of our community is reason enough, the other two reasons notwithstanding, as explained below.

Agent 55 was a lead agent of twenty others sent to view how humans handled their deceased and uncover any rites used as varying reports had been given. No direct data has been collected apart from it is true that family and close acquaintances gather in special places for a service before they are entombed, buried, or burned. The reason for the lack of data is every attempt by Agent 55 to seek out these rites has resulted in lost consciousness for the observing Agents.

Reports filed indicate that upon moving close enough to these gathering spots, a massive feeling that can be summarized as "Void" overwhelms them. Others have reported such feelings as "agency loss" or "sorrowful empty/disconnection error". Agents have also reported similar levels of "intense sadness", "bitterness", and "bewildered directionlessness" as well. The fact these things are felt is not a problem, the fact they are felt to such a strong degree that it renders all other species unconscious is terrifying.

Reports indicate that, in general, a week after what we are colloquially referring to as "the rite of corpse disposal" most individuals are safe to be around by all species as subjects have gained more emotional control though for other humans it can

take months. While other agents have had strong experiences around some of the other emotions during events with humans during disparate projects, nothing has compared to death and the emotions tied to it.

In short, the complete loss of control of their emotional state coupled with the intensity of their emotions around, but especially during, death rites is a nasty cocktail that is unbelievable dangerous to the galactic community. It is this report's assertion that humans should be avoided at all costs for the sake of public health. We have lost three Coa'galtal agents from cranial hemorrhaging due to emotional imprinting during these events. How such species can survive through such a torrent of devastating emotional carnage is unknown and a study into it not worth the danger of research. How best to quarantine ourselves or the humans is left up to the council.

A/N We buried my brother today. His death was stupid, surrounded by medical professionals who couldn't heal him. It isn't their fault (I don't think) but my family is hurting. I'm hurting. And I cannot fathom the pain of my parents who lived long enough to be a comfort to my 3 brothers and 3 sisters as fully matured adults with families, but so long they were forced to bury a child from complications of a bullshit disease that should be gone by now. The five stages of grief are crap (at least to me). There is no denying he is gone, there is no one to be angry at, there is no one to bargain with for his return. This is what it is and what it will continue to be. I just fiercely miss my brother and wish I could just move on from the grief more quickly. But I can't... the void is still there and still very large. I know, like a black hole, it will eat itself over time until it shrinks to almost nothing. But I don't get to be future me, I'm stuck in the here and now. So this is my random guess on why we can't be empaths. To feel what I do now with everyone all the time would be too paralyzing. Hug your friends and family. Give them kisses. Tell them you love them and you care. Don't add regret to the grief. Grief is bad enough as it is.